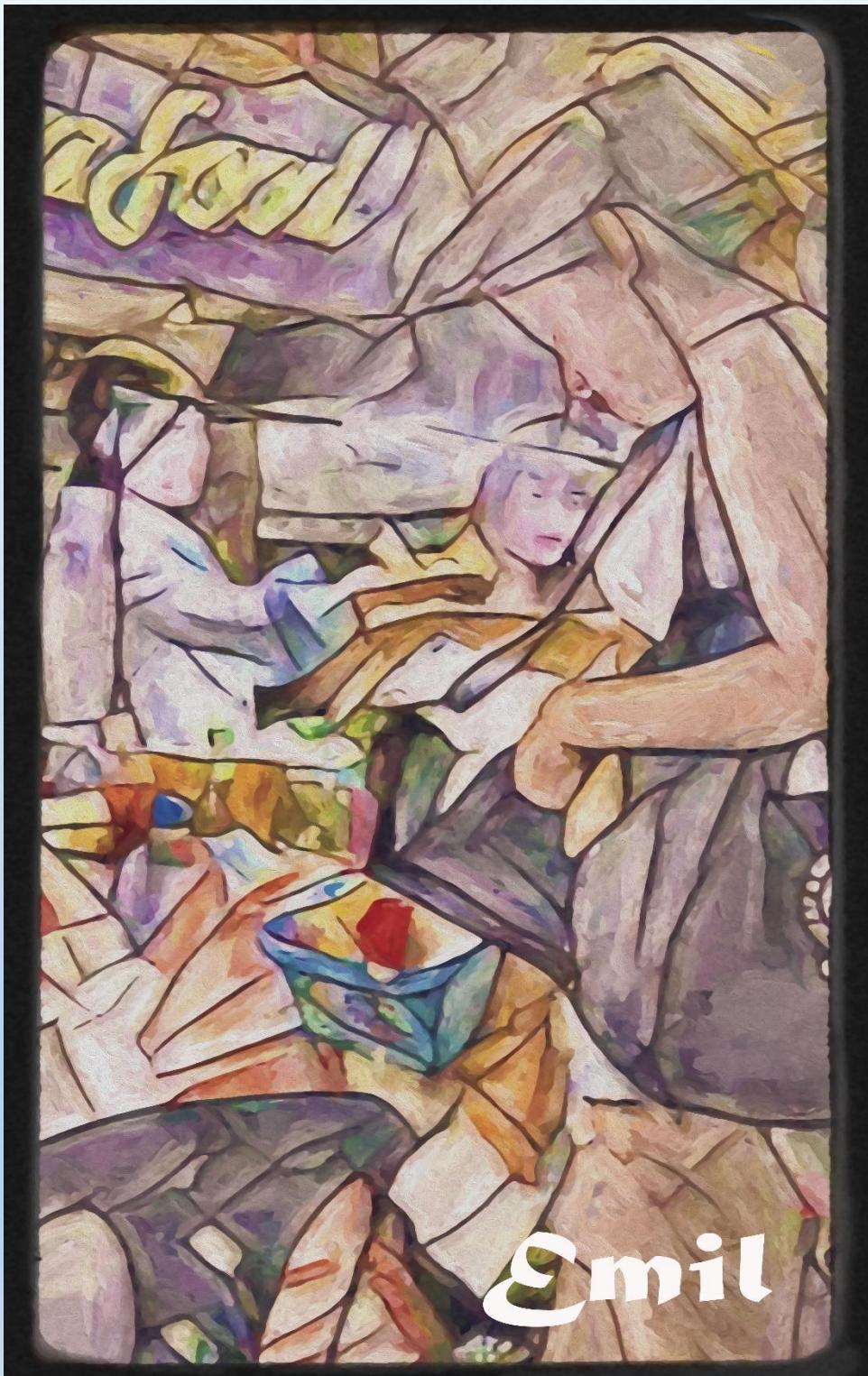


“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

It has been a while, the trials of our guilt may/will hopefully someday **NOT** play itself out in criminal court or in extended litigation for our role we played in introducing Emil to the barren/cragged waste lands of common courtesy, into the midst of the apocalyptic, evil battleground of Twitter's heart-n-soul.

From out of this wasteland, he arose as a raggedy, Old Testament-like Character hell bent on utilizing all of his profound, his God given talent to piss even Mother Theresa off and so he did.

By the end of his stay, until his untimely banishment, threats of law suits and application of restraining orders, he amassed well over 140K impressions with 28 days – not bad as no one knew who he was other than the rude, sometimes funny/ clever old dude who “just made fun of me nicely!” and as such; fate determined our punishment as having to edit all of this new edition.

SEINE

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

COMING SOON...WELL!

At least let's just say that it is a work in kind of,
sort of progress
but, which my corporate slave masters
seem rather tickled with.

I believe Seine was overheard saying
"At least, thank GOD! It's **NOT** another damn
temple book and better yet, I didn't see any
anti-CCP rants (at least) in the draft
copy that Emil sent us..."

The one thing that I do appreciate is the
unquestionable backing of the company's
owner **NOT!**

The only thing worse is the slave wages that
they expect me to live on while
I labor for My Masters like the good field slave
that I am.

Well, at least that's the way that Mister Chucky
and his goon squad of EX-CCP Skip tracers that
turned WWWG into a socialist nightmare look
upon me as their token...

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

COMING SOON...WELL!

upon me as their token White Boy to show the Singapore Labour Board that they are fair/balanced and they point to me as the sign that the company does support the employment of those who are mentally impaired.

ANYWAY!!!

"THE MANTRA ON THE UNTRUTH" #3

The truth, it is a scary thing to deal with, it can many times lead us to question many of the official, the untruths that they have spent billions of dollars in trying to successfully engraining deep into the soul of our central belief system like Pappy Biden is as honest as the day is long, Cornpop was a bad dude or that Joey really has hairy legs.

- Over @ the Barricades of TWIT 11/2020

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE DAYS ARE LONG AND FILLED WITH PAIN..."

Jim Morrison wrote that in 1968 and what a better tombstone to 2020 could there be?

Things move in cycles both long and short and yet we fail to see them clearly at the very moment that this rationalization would best serve us.

Like so many of us found, the worst of the virus plague was not the virus...

I survived it twice but I am not sure that I will survive the lockdowns and how they were used as a political tool to rip my freedoms away from me by the corrupt corporation master class and their willing lapdogs, the equal corrupt politicos all funded by the CCP. Going onwards into the new coming year, we are resigned to realize that there is a

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE DAYS ARE LONG AND FILLED WITH PAIN..."

cold, long winter coming down but, it will **NOT**
be from the virus rather it will be due
to our indifference, our fears(s) and yes...
our own greed(s).

Lord forgive us because we knew but,
we failed to act upon the threat of those who
want to reduce us to a matrix-like
sea of worker bees.

*"The Winds of History are about to change and
we never even saw it coming as we ventured
further on that long, dusty road
to restore our **FREEDOM.**"*

This will be the introduction Mantra to 2020
that Historians will over quote and never credit
me w/saying.

Dang!

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Smil

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

ASHBURY PARK TIS AIN'T!

There was a time, yes!

Indeed, there was definitely a time, even if it was to be truthful, in that it was actually somewhat removed and really shaded differently from these modern times...there was still a time that was somehow relatable to what is going on...that we can draw meaning from and we can seek out a better solution this time around...someone once said that history repeats...
like summertime TV.

What time or times?

Not really sure if I want to commit to a special date, time or era as some internet troll will make it their mission to fact check me into the next generation and the whole thought that I was so badly trying to convey will be hopeless loss in troll speak and in madding banter in a "take-no-prisoner" violent Twitter Blitzkrieg...

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

ASHBURY PARK TIS AIN'T!

The world has finally reached its saturation level of freakishness. It's lost in the angry lust brought on by a seeming and obsessed desire to not only burn the system down but, which is hell-bent and is seemingly trying to one-up my level of what Seine refers to as my "Chemical Imbalances."

EDITOR WARNING: For those amongst of you who wear your hard-earned badge of PC Correctness with much pride, for all of you **WOKE** Warriors and to any of the Lost Children of the **WOKE** Fellow Travelers; please, I beg you to stop reading here and burn this book! Please do your sanity a favour by ordering more copies for all your friends to burn too... In fact, Mr. Charles, WWWG's Crack Accounting Guru, came up with the novel idea of Emil Book Burning Parties.
WE ARE DEVELOPING:
"EMIL BOOK BURNING PARTY" KITS...

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

THERE WAS TRUE FREEDOM

There was a revolutionary sense of freedom that the Shawnee Indians of the Great Plains must have sensed as they scanned off into a distance horizon and even though they were often mired in their immediate sense of the problems of a thick...their immediate quests...out there upon the sea of tall prairie grass that they were wading through...there on the distant horizon was freedom...they knew it was there and they were also assured that they would reach it someday.

Early on I fell hard for this mythology and on a particle level; understanding that it was a machine...a tool manufactured and sometimes, I openly grasped at the cruelty of the joke. But, Daddy-O...there was the rush; you could actually taste the excitement that was so hard to acquire at almost any cost; a sense of being able to test your metal and as Chuck Yeager used to say "Push the Envelope..."

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

THERE WAS TRUE FREEDOM

It is hard to phantom, to actually now recall what

life was like before 2020. It is difficult to understand everything that we took for granted...we took as a gimme...everything seemed possible and there seems so much that we have now lost, given up or just plain abandoned once the Fear Porn of the Great Destruction took over our hearts.

Actually, I did spend a large part of my day trying to figure were it all went south, what mistake(s) we made and how we were all conned into believing the angry mob of PC WOKE Twitter

Warriors that our only redemption was in agreeing to their Great Social Reset - where they would determine what each of us deserved in terms of their most admired CCP-inspired, the new social contract for Peace, retribution of our father's sin and social harmony - in the form of an assigned Social Credit Score (which would determine our worth as a good denizen in this Grand Social Reset).

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

THERE WAS TRUE FREEDOM

Social Credit Score (which would determine our worth as a good denizen in this Social Reset). To each of you Woke Cultural Warriors/fellow travelers who have declared it your life's mission to constantly monitor/attack all of my utter (your terms **NOT** mine) disrespect for all that you PC Cultural, Wolf-Cub Warriors hold so dear.

"I NEVER once implied nor said that I was ever gonna be politically correct..."

In fact, I agree that I have been and may well continue to be the jerk that you have tarred me as but, which I (instead) so proudly refer to as my "Common Sense" regardless of how many times you campaign to have me deplatformed or lock me out of my online site...

Cancel me? You Can't!

Like a bad penny,

I'm here to stay!

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

POSTING ONLINE IN PENANG

Recently, I have been in a series of very extensive, sometimes rather heated conversations with Ms. Kimmie (WWWG's legal beagle) about the new restrictions on posting online as Penang is part of Malaysia and is subject to the new laws passed last week in regards to licensing required to post or if that is just on YouTube/Social Media that you need a license to post...the license comes to about \$12k amongst other national Health Security (really PR) Requirements... As you may well have already heard from the buzz on the **TWIT**, where my distractors are actively lost in endless panel discussions as to how all of these new restriction(s) will mix poorly amongst my most recent patronage of the local Penang Jail House – which (honestly) was only due to a terribly serious grabble and misunderstanding in translation of what now appears to have been a bad joke gone bad...

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

POSTING ONLINE IN PENANG

in my definition of the word borrowed rather than the more utterly rude term that local authorities elected to use "**STEAL.**"

As such, I am not in the best position to stealth under their censorship radar and this inability for me to continue my work for WWWG has served as the catalyst, the root cause for all of these seemingly endless series of low-byte rate Skypes from WWWG's Miss Kimmie.

Granted, I always commenting that she is a wonderful, bright gal that in more normal circumstances, I have and do greatly admire; I must say that this non-stop concern, handwringing of "**ONG!** What shall we do?" has done much to wear my spirits down and appears to have aged me greatly...

Far in advance of my current decline.

Not that I was fishing for a complement but, **REALLY!** I didn't think that you would have been so quick to agree with my assessment!

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

BRACE YOURSELVES!

You might need a moment to get your sea legs on this new issue. There is a mass sea of confusion here and as always,

EMIL IS AT THE HEART OF ALL THIS.

There is the issue of the title and the potential of litigation according to our Legal guru (Ms. Kimmie) over the usage of the term "Tainted Love" as it seems that Emil carelessly lifted it from a song title of a 1980's song
That I do slightly remember.

Then...what does it mean in the true context to getting this edition out to you?

TRUTHFULLY...

I don't have a clue...

Of course we didn't catch this until after it was masked up and printed which only complicated matters and all that we could raise out of Emil still in his Penang Exile was "Opps!"

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

BRACE YOURSELVES! YES INDEED, OPPS!

Then, we discovered amongst other things
was that we had actual rejected this
very edition (or similar version) numerous
time of the past several years ago when
Emil had more correctly titled it
(which I prefer or numerous economic reasons)

"Sketches of Krung Thep"

Anyway! I am just wasting space but, I do hope
that you will enjoy this edition more than we
did in getting this to you.

With royalty fees waved by a local, corporate
court here in Singapore we may yet make some
money off of this nightmare experience.

SEINE

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"CALLING IT AN ACT OF GOD"

Work on the new book is running along just swimmingly...Indeed! Well...kind of...sort of...seeing that I was handicapped by such a late start on the project...and given my Jesuit trained thought process...

"I am calling it an "Act of God" and who am I to challenge the Will of God??"

I've got this...just had to figure that a summer of community service at the Catholic Mission would (after all these years) kick in at just the right time to explain my project lateness to Seine and his socialist accountant thugs at our now weekly Skype Conference Call in the AM...

While those thug accountants that Seine surrounds himself with these days may not be true believers....

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"CALLING IT AN ACT OF GOD"

but, Seine is and in the end...I am hoping that is what really counts... You say that you have a betting pool already going on this and that I am not faring well in the wagers or in the spread???

Can I get a piece of the action here too?

Anyway...yet another sample...I know but, need to show Seine that I am busy...

Somehow show the angry, socialist cadre at WWWG that I haven't abandon my core work ethics (did I just say that out loud?) as the good, humble field slave that they have made of me.

You hear a lot of that from me these days... Maybe, it's a wholesale sense of how the system has chewed me up and who seems in no hurry to spit me out. This is **NOT** the way...we were promised...they looked us in the eye, didn't stutter, boldly lied something about we were all in this together...except they forgot to tell us what position we would actually hold in this Brave New Grand Social Reset.

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

AND LIFE GOES ON CAMPERS!

It has truly been quite an eventful year and as our Chinese Friends used to curse; while some accuse our little CCP Buddies with insuring that it would be true and as still more point to this as their New Year's Present to each of us in this year of their Plague Virus.

YES Campers! We do live in interesting times...!

This has become a time that has become rather ugly and stark, hosting an unknown number of chance events that descended swiftly from out of black of night and which we are still in the process of sorting out after the greatest lost of a fat swatch of fleshy humanity since the Great Wars of the 20th Century...

It wasn't zombies or aliens that wrought such evil down upon our heads but, a virus so small that you would be hard pressed to find with even the most powerful of microscopes from even the cruelest, bio labs hidden in the shadows of the CCP's Dreams to actually rule the world.

But, strangely, this not what I originally planned (not at all) to share with you all in this issue. It only starting to dawn on me while practicing the Zen of Social Distancing - which seems to come rather

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

AND LIFE GOES ON CAMPERS!

natural given the true nature of how self-focused I am and which most swear is one of my better God given skill sets and super powers.

While not my intent but, nonetheless; it was much fortunate that I had elected to revisit my left over work here from several years ago and that WWWG originally took a pass on for they referred to as "unpublishable" or was it merely that they lacked the future wisdom to see the true market for a random selection of unknown faces and random themes.

NO...NO...NO!

They still aren't that much more enlightened but, they took interest in this largely out of the fact that this was a slightly less risky work than everything else that

I had been pushing up their corporate editorial flagpole and after I noticed/pointed out an originally unnoticed theme in that almost every foto featured a person with a cell phone – which has become a staple Human Right in this digital age and how I laced it with my chatty, nonsense harkens back to a better

Analog Age when life was simpler but which was a much harder and shorter life - if we are being truthful.

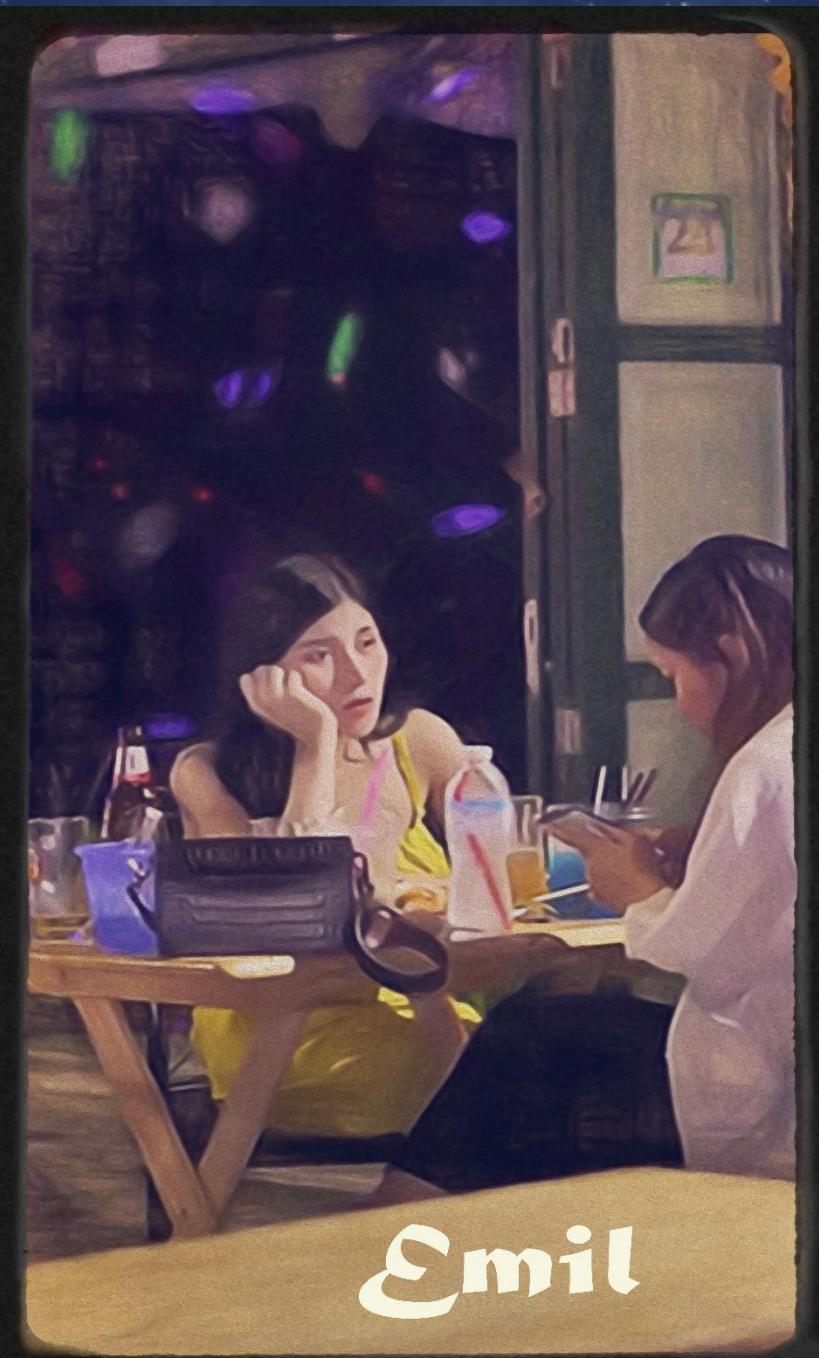
“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

WWWG EDITOR'S NOTE:

We know that there are a few of you whom Emil has not insulted, badmouthed enough, who hasn't been totally grossed out or worse yet, who isn't bored to death with his continual whining script.

We appreciate your continued support for our losing cause of getting our money back.

This issue is a non-shy attempt to monetarize upon your interest and for us to further promote our dream of art sales, tee-shirts and maybe, a coffee mug or two...

So far Hallmark was rather rude in their rejection but, we have not lost heart and are publishing this with the hope that you might like to order an art print or two...three?

Again, we didn't tell Emil that we were doing this issue as to get it published without the endless drama that Emil would bring to the process.

Don't tell him...PLEASE!

Seine Lagone

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"NOW UP ON THE TURNTABLE..."

After an ever long series of dangling, endless chatter, after all of those lingering conversations where even we must admit that, hopelessly, we cannot ever, that we shall never be able to rise above, that we will never overcome those high walls, the barriers we gladly built and in the end, we elect to see the world as we wish it to be instead of in the reality of how it is...

It does no good, reflections are a most powerful drug and no matter how many time we tramp down-and-about, trash our way through this ancient rabbit hole of lucid time wondering, even as our mind seems so free to transcend, to happily scurry all about, with no known limits to hinder its free access...

But, in the end, all sense of common sense will surely bring it back to the real bottom line...

It all come back to what we wish could have been, our endless rehash, our desperate reach out to what remains of our surely fated but, still desired outcome or even to dreams that we childless still grasp in some senseless quest, a Grail Quest for the power to jump-start, to flood back faded dreams of

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"NOW UP ON THE TURNTABLE..."

sea monsters and abandon beach house bungalows,
in a vain effort to bring them back, back here into
this timeline with our current reality; and to accept
the common sense that...

"That boat has done sailed, Bubba!"

In order to create the future we must accept that
the past is a sterile graveyard from which only
weeds can grow and only at the point we finally
agree to abandon our commitments to protect
even our most treasured memories...

Only then, can we embrace a new present and
only from that will our future, our much scripted
path to our future will be realized...

The reality, sadly, is that so few of the better angels
in our time, so few of even our greatest minds
and even, far less of our most seeing prophets can
rise to this challenge and this is my excuse as
I hunker down and await the coming fight as
the alarm clock sounds...

***"Back to work...back to work...
you mindless zombie drone..."***

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"NOW UP ON THE TURNTABLE..."

Freedom comes, my friends, it can all start with
you merely throwing out that damn alarm clock
out your open window...and boldly say "NO"
and go back to sleep!

Please help our new site, come look around if
you like what ya see, please give us a like...
Maybe, three???

For more...

<https://www.facebook.com/Emil.the.artist/>

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

DR. BROWN IS THAT YOU?

"I need your help in going back to the year 2013" I said to the elderly man sitting on the park bench and then added "Dr. Brown it is you – isn't it?"

Not even looking up he mumbled a large and extended string of rather obscure words that I am not allowed to repeat here but, the jest of his point seemed to be that I am not the first to confuse him with great Dr. E. Brown – the developer of the first stylish, functional time machine.

Not to be thrown off my immediate task which was a need to go back to 2013 and reshoot many of these fotos here as I had made them with old trusty Nikon F4s film camera and wrongly used ASA 400 film.

Listening with patience, he rose slowly and then turned back to me and peed on my Nike Cross-trainers. Yes! I should have been mad but, I figured that he must be having a bad day of being confronted by any number of fools wanting to use his wondrous time machine for always self-serving and selfish reasons.

I get it! I do!

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It isn't like I wanted to go back and kill Hitler while

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

DR. BROWN IS THAT YOU?

I GET IT! I DO!

It isn't like I wanted to go back and kill Hitler while he was just a little known, near-homeless and failed artist (I can identify well with that part of his story)...

I cut him some slack but to show him that I was different than all those other near-homeless, failed artists who were begging usage of his machine...

I was following him until the cop (that he called) told me to back off and go sleep it off...or go to jail!

Yes, Sir! Officer Sir, I will do that!

https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08B8NQHCJ/ref=sr_1_1?dchild=1&qid=1592320874&refinements=p_27%3AEmil+West&s=digital-text&sr=1-1&text=Emil+West

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"MAKE LOOTING GREAT AGAIN!"

As kind of a public service announcement from one old, political street fighter to all you youngsters who dream of being posers or even want-to-be (for profit) looters...

TAKE NOTE, CAMPERS:

My Thoughts...

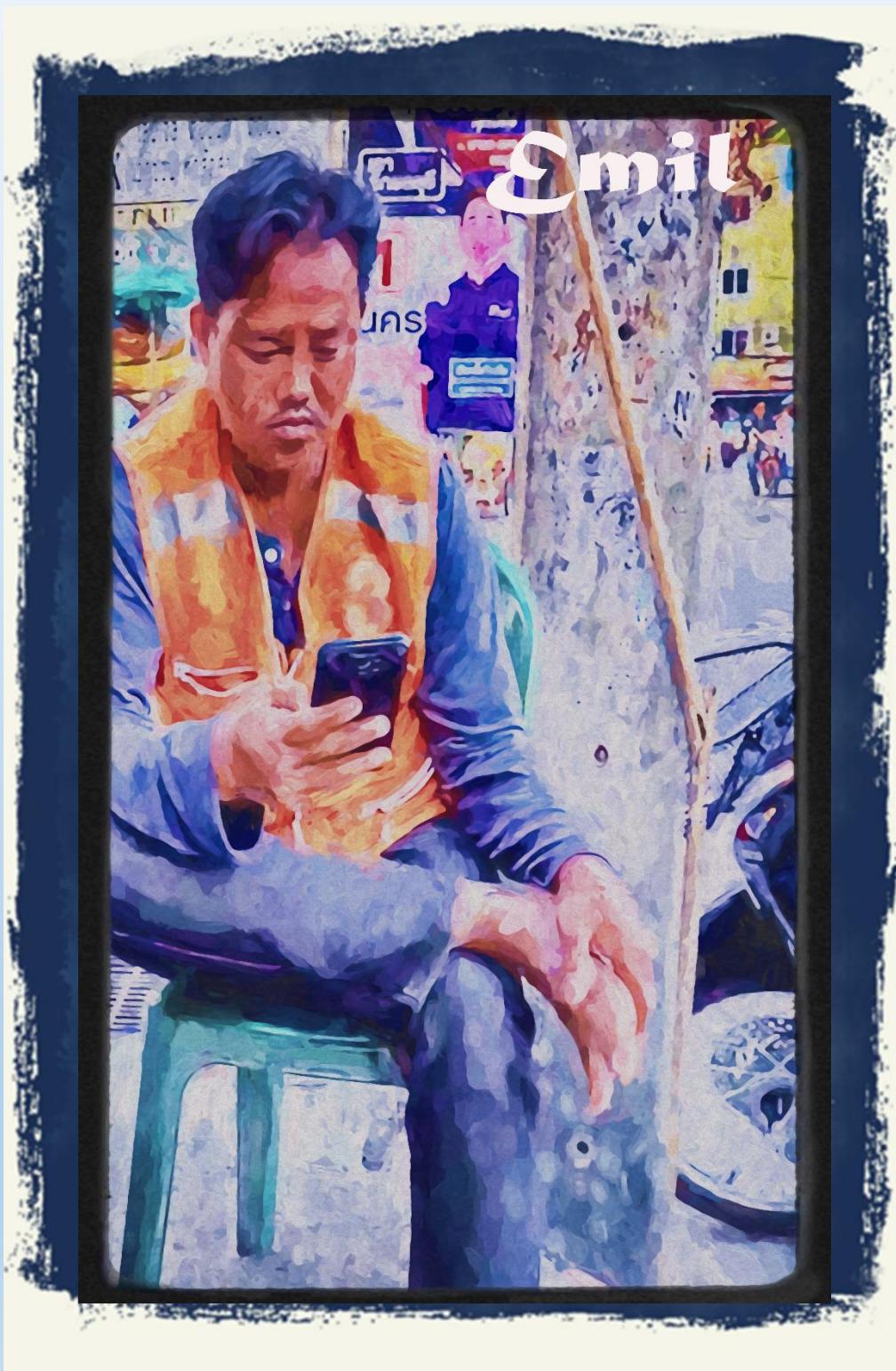
Pitiful to see people looting the dollar stores and ONLY a fool would loot that Rolex Dealership – as every watch is registered with an etched serial number...can't sell them and later, if you get pulled over and you don't look like a guy who should be wearing a \$20,000 watch... they will merely run the serial and you are gonna have a really bad day from there...

Same with I-Phones...

Jewelry you would really have to have melt down to safely sell...you know that the Pawn shops will have to verify your stuff with a complex **NEW** photo data base of looted items...and no one is gonna give you shit for that solid gold broach (unmelted)...

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"MAKE LOOTING GREAT AGAIN!"

Looting ain't what it use to be...

You could get that large screen TV but, they sell them so cheap these days - why bother and you gonna look suspicious walking down the street dragging a 72-inch TV...ya think?

Gun stores - ain't gonna happen as the owners are standing in their doorway giving potential looters their best Dirty Harry stare...

"Make my day Bubba!"

Liqueur store - well maybe...but most don't carry a large inventory of goof stuff and after the first wave of 50 or more looters...

Man! You are walking out (at best) with a six pack of Boone's Farms or maybe a spare bottle of Thunderbird...

So, the sad truth is that the richest pickings that can't be traced were @ the dollar stores...

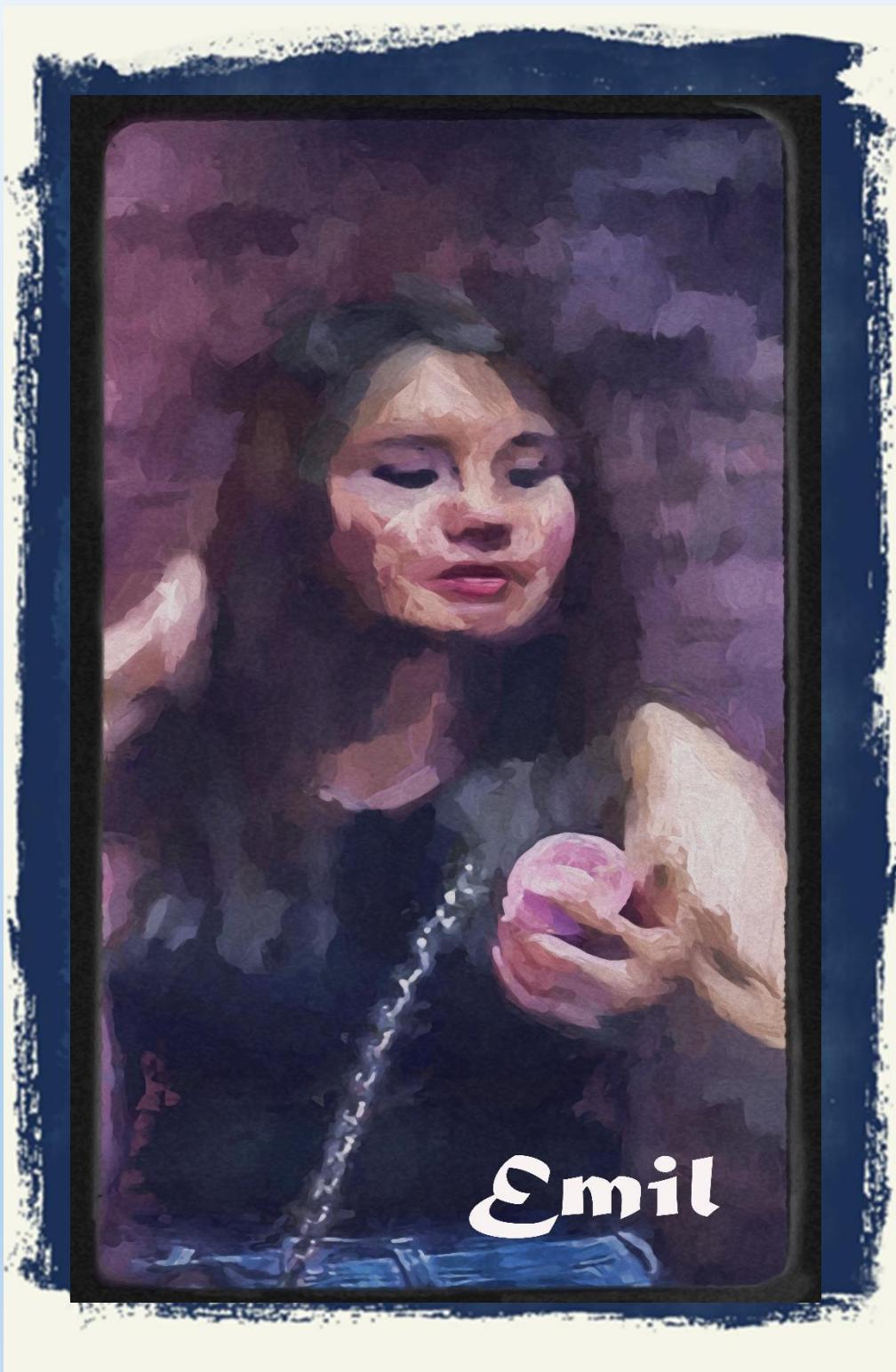
Go Figure???

Looting ain't like it was back in the day!

MAKE LOOTING GREAT AGAIN!

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

The demon of the lock down is time...the excess of unlimited time to set around and even, worse; time to ponder, think and even speculate over all of the "What if's?" that you had buried deep into the south forty of your misfiled thoughts...

With nothing but time (in my case...the lodge has yet to replace my TV Portal to the Malaysian Home Shopping Network...)

I created a monster of "What if?"

What if...

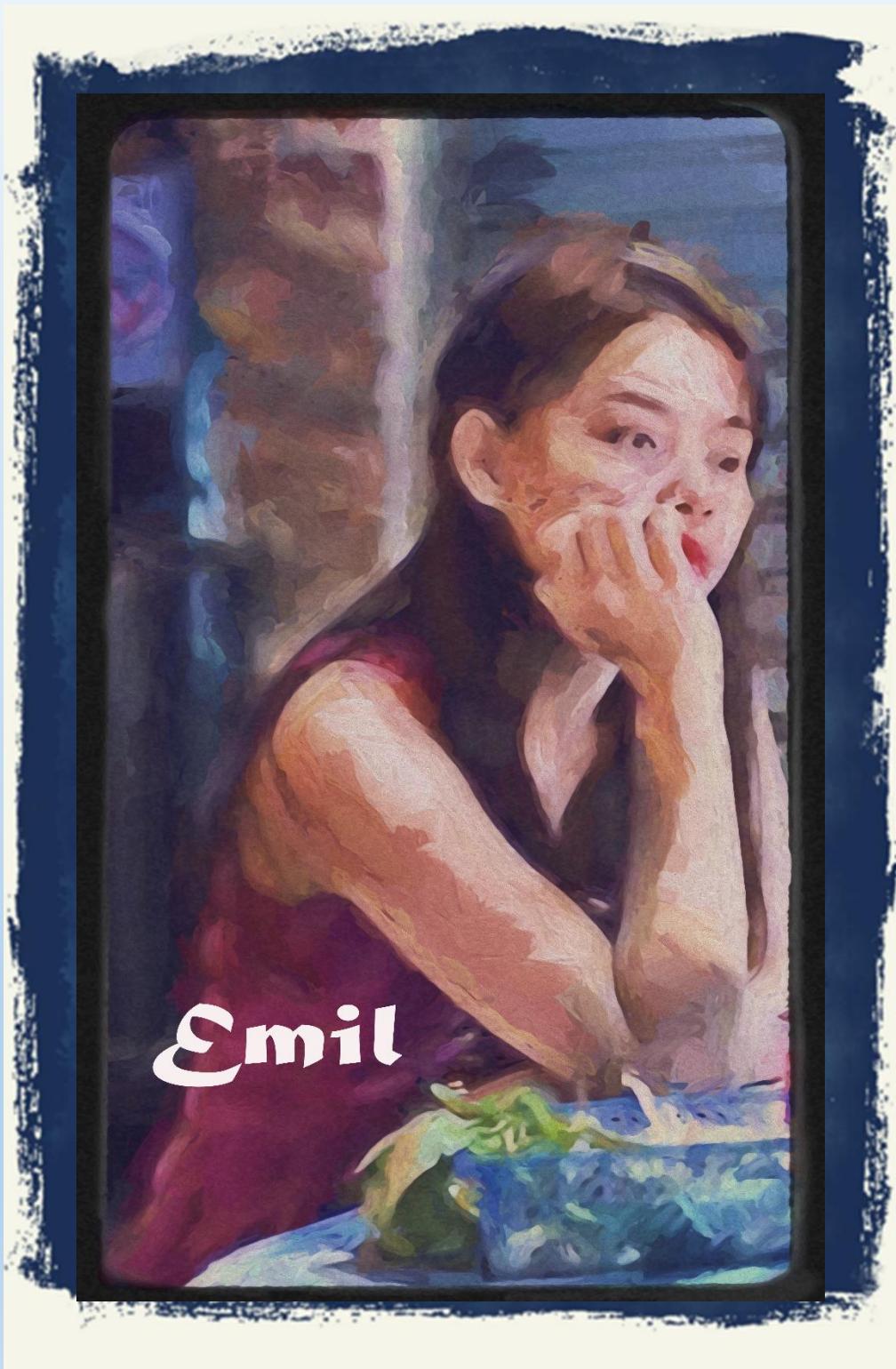
I chucked the whole project and started over?
No need to speculate that any more...done! 88-pages of work redone and now my bigger
"What if?" is this any better?

Who knows...The people at the Malaysian Home Shopping Network would know but,
I am unable to contact them...

Seems that they are doubly mad as the WWWG Credit Account that I used to order the entire set of "Don't these make my butt look slimmer?" summer pants...well! Let's just say that the purchase was declined...

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

The sad part was they were not for me but for the people at WWWG (like Mister Chucky) who certainly could use some butt slimming...

Am I being non-PC again...???

It isn't my fault

as I did it with good intent and that should mediate the sin of over purchasing...

YOU THINK???

Someone has been trying all my life to teach me a variety of this comment and to date; it has been a frustrating venture for each and everyone of them...

JOIN IN THE CHORUS:

"He was truly raised by mean wolves!"
The Jesuits came the closest but, they had a serious problem with what I actually took away...like they taught that the thought was the actual sin...

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

Being a rational person even as a street,
motorcycle punk...I saw the brilliance of this...
I took it to mean that if I had already committed
the sin...I surely must do the deed...

In fact, getting a twofer (two for the price of one)...

I rationalized; "Look I already sinned..."
so the actual deed just confirms the initial sin
and in my country...you can not be trialed twice
for the same crime...

NUFF SAID!"

The brothers saw this slightly different and they
still (I assume) pray for my soul based upon
insanity...I guess?

FROM A STIRRED-FRIED BRAIN!

It has often been remarked, an antidote shared
with some regularity in numerous circles of the
elitist, Twitter Trolls and their fellow traveler's of
PC WOKE Warriors that I am somewhat scattered-
brained, evil to my core as the step-child of the
Great Satan (honored by that but, let me confess

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

that I merely work for him...did you see a really family resemblance...Uhh????) that they see me to be...and my inwards glimpses into the realities of the secret codes embedded into our factual constitution drives that point home – at least in their Mythologies of Emil.

THEN, THE CALL WENT OUT...

Alpha Woman had ridden into our little town on her great mission to rescue all of us denizens and with a mighty, single swish of her steel-plated, a terribly swift sword...

She vanquished and routed all of our virus fears post haste...and then turned her golden stead "Molly" as she rode out of town...She turned to all the following children and said "6-8 feet...social distancing. a good mask and a \$1.50 will get you a good cup of coffee at 7/11 (Circle K) if you only have the courage to leave your home..."

To which, all the little children shouted back to her..."We have nothing to fear but another year of home schooling..."

MOM...DAD...UNCLE BURT...GO BACK TO WORK!!"

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

Woke up @ about 4 AM like I was some kind of farmer and the cows were calling for their morning milking...

WAIT! I HAVE NO COWS!

In Penang most people don't eat meat!

If I had cows or if I had any serious notion in attempting to milk said cows...

I think that might be a felony, here???

Never mind my previous remarks?

Worked for about two hours before I grew bored and decided to listen to that ancient James Taylor "One Man Dog" CD that I exchanged for here @ the lodge's sharing Table.

"YES, JT...I AM..."

I have no idea what I mean by that but, you can just assume that it must be very Un-WOKE...far from proper and will surely ignite yet another Twitter Storm...I hear them bees a humming, already!

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

The only thing that I have in my head after saying all this is the words to that old 2000's Era Song...

"WHO LET THE DOGS OUT?"

Anyway...WYT?

Jerry Reed once sang a song called "When ya hot, you are hot" and so this has been a blazing afternoon after the booming thunder stayed offshore...

Finally scrounged up some earplugs for my ancient I-Pad 2 which has been sidelined through the course of my stay as the speaker gave up the chase and went to speaker heaven.

TO BE TRUTHFUL...

this is one of the best \$80 (USD) that I ever spent. This I-Pad has up until this speaker letdown; shouldered every burden, read every epub or PDF (legal or not...)

DID I SAY THAT OUT-LOUD?

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

Thank goodness, no one is listening) played every video with the utmost speed and always kept me online in some very mac unfriend territories...
That being said...the earplugs are rather tinny
but, are doing fine!

Wish I could say the same for YouTube!
The concept of beauty is a fleeting standard that mischarges and does nothing more than create confusion based upon the superficial window dressing of those who never stopped to consider that even the most beautiful are flawed creatures - in the end, it is what is in a person's heart and will they still have your back 40 years from now...

THAT'S CRITICAL...

Everything else, is just jib-jab, fashion media nonsense and is bound for heartbreak!

Then, they profiled me in a local article:

"Reflections from the Mud Puddle of Truth"

"He lived in a haunted world where mundane facts, a reflection in a mud-puddle, an image

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

chalked on a wall, the slant of a black-robed figure against mist, radiate significance at once familiar and only half-consciously grasped. His was an anti-romantic poetry of vision, which finds beauty in "things as they are," in the reality of the here and now."

{I thought that was rather neat...}

A friend dropped me a note this AM on what they have been doing while piddling about the flat:
"I stayed up all night playing poker with tarot cards. I got a full house and four people died."
Remind me never to play cards with this person...

NO! NOT EVER...OK???

"GOOD OLD" DAYS WERE...

Mostly, because they really weren't and he may be willing to set aside all of the bitterness and the hatred that tore away the goodness of our soul and replaced it a lasting taste of the upheaval created by the advent of the Lost Children of the WOKE.

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"THE GREATEST DEMON"

Like, old man don't get me started on my version
of your happy, good old times!

I hate to talk bad about anyone and like the good
citizen that I am sure that he once was; he felt
a need to walk me back from the cliff that
I had myself out on to...

He was a nice guy and I am sure that he meant
it with good intentions but, I was not in the mood
to back down, bite my tongue or even walk
away from such forbidden talk...

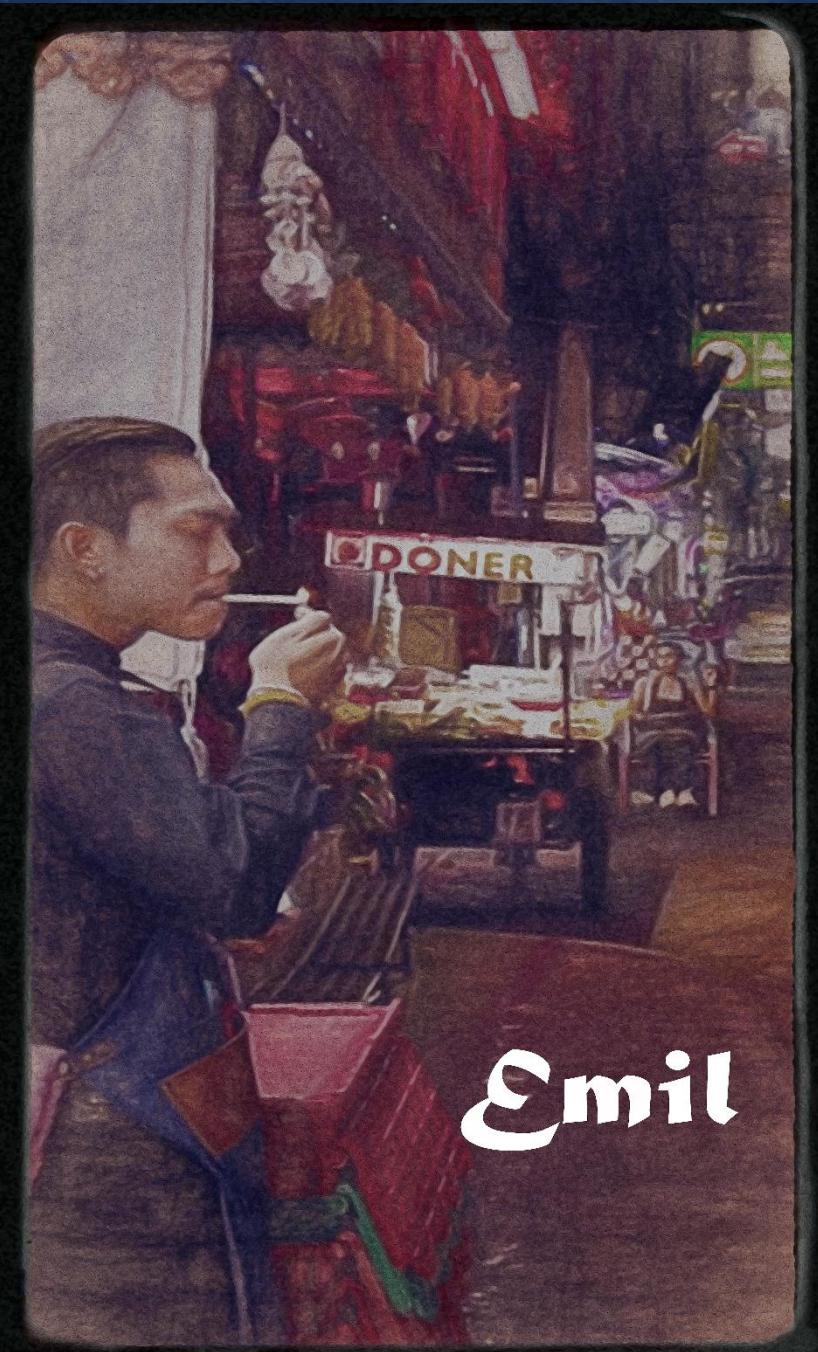
"We shall not talk badly of those who lost their
way...those who chose PC WOKEism (over even
elementary, basic common sense) and became
the Generation of the Martyred..."

Isn't that what they teach the kids in the
schools these days?

We are still too close; the events (still) are too raw
to now sort out the truth over all that remaining
PC WOKE crap that our ruling elite spout and
I (personally) think that it will be several
generations...

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

“Tainted Love...”

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Emil

“Tainted Love...”

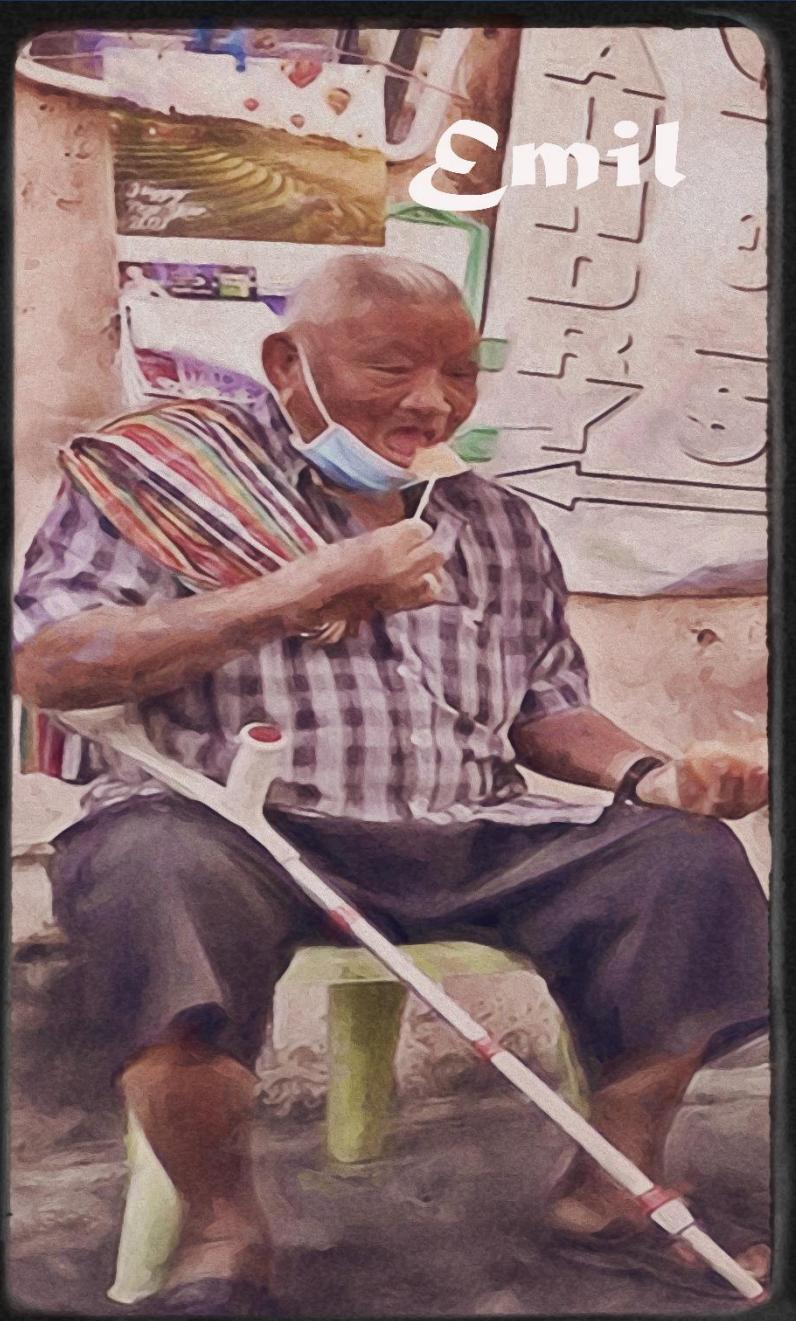
“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"A LESSON OR TWO NOT LOST ON ME!"

"And then Robo Man turned to Buck (Rodgers) and said..."I make \$20 per week more than you!"

Then, Rodgers silently took out his blaster and let it rip, tearing Robo Man into shreds of scattered potato chips...

Returning his blaster to his wide belt, he looked around and addressed what remains of Robo Man...

"Now I make a lot more than you, Bubba!"

This was told me as a young cub and the new child selling newspaper subscriptions door-to-door in Central Florida...I got the message straight up and until I was the top dog; I never forgot!

"FLEEING REDEMPTION"

Passing on my need to atone for numerous sins and misdeeds...I hid out at the temple amongst all the pilgrims, tour touts, money changers and a sea of assorted rude, selfie obsessed tourists stumbling all about and amongst the ruins...Then the World Heritage Rent-a-Cop yelled

"THERE HE IS!"

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"A LESSON OR TWO NOT LOST ON ME!"

"He is the guy who just tore up the gift shop and was telling everyone that Jesus would have done the same..."

Well he would!

In fact, I remember from my Sunday School Classes, he did just that....

"Of course, it didn't go so well for him after that..." just came to mind as I jumped the Temple Wall back out into the Valet Parking Lot...

ONE STEP CLOSER TO FREEDOM!

Of course, Seine already noted that and he and the other elitist bozos at WWWG never let me forget that I am not a product of a classical education but, rather a public school education.

So I never studied Geometry little alone Secret Geometry and that has been a high wall that conspires to prevent me from getting it and by extension of replicating it in my multi-generational attempts to be the New Age Braque- but, at least, I had the look...as the old cowboy told me when

I asked how could I become a cowboy too?

"Son, all ya got to do is get yourself a cowboy outfit and you can be a cowboy too!"

"Tainted Love..."

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"A LESSON OR TWO NOT LOST ON ME!"

Then he told me that the Sears Mail Order Catalog
had a great deal on cowboy outfits –
that was where he got his.

Regardless of Seine's suggestion and his insights
into expanding the marketability(s) of my
publications (in which he is so heavily invested),
I shall not turn this into yet another Art History
book or dive deep into the finer meanings and
interpretations of my inner artist...

Campers! Please allow me to explain...

Andy Warhol once wisely answered an art critic's
comments that his creations were not traditional
art (real art) by saying...

"What is traditional art? Art, you see, truly means
that I have found ten or more people that agree
with me and then, my friend, that is true art..."

NEXT QUESTION, PLEASE?"

I'm on board with Andy and will not get drawn into
a running twitter battle with some Ukrainian DNC
troll (still living in his mom's basement when not
working at the DNC Call Center ...Ya!

"Tainted Love..."

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"A LESSON OR TWO NOT LOST ON ME!"

You know who I am talking about...don't ya, Bubba?) who fancies himself a "Woke" Age Artist but, who flunked out of Art History 101 at the Community College (didn't ya?).

NOT GONNA HAPPEN!

Sorry friends and fellow campers but this needed to be said. The problems of this new "Woke" Age tire my brain and I do miss those bygone ages when, I could be like good old Pappy Biden and just come up and punch you across the room if I disagreed with you comments.

Those (you little Woke Twitter Trolls) were the days when it was worth living and you stood tall by what you said.

"It is deeds not words that will change the world and I don't need 256 characters to prove that!"

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"A LESSON OR TWO NOT LOST ON ME!"

"Tuesday Morning coming down...fresh flowers..."

Wonder what the bad news is?

Flowers and especially fresh flowers are designed
to break something terrible to us???

Longer extension to lock down???

Is the government closing the lodge...???

WILL I BE HOMELESS????

Will I be sent a detainment camp that I heard
about, down around the docks not far from where
the cruise ships use to dock?????

The mind run amok! I find myself shaking in my
own created fear...from a smile to full meltdown
in 13-seconds...must be a new record,
even for me...

OH MY!

OK CAMPERS CALM...chill out!

False alarm, seemed that the young gal from the
front desk, put them their after one of her
numerous gentlemen friends ran them by this
morning...SEE! I told you take a deep breath and
chill out, didn't I?

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"IN THE YEAR OF PLAGUE"

This was when we are told to, encourage to become mighty Plague Warriors by hiding under our beds...

Sometimes (well! Just this one time if I am being truthful) I miss Georgie "Bubba" Bush as at least, he gave us \$500 and told us to go to the Mall in order to

DEFEAT THE TERRORISTS

Here is my "30 Days in the Hole" Profile of Courage as a mighty plague warrior...safely tucked into the safety of my own little bed...from the security of my room...

This just seems to be all wrong...?

We didn't defeat the Nazis by hiding in our rooms... although Charles Lindbergh did say that we should stay at home while writing nasty letters to the editor about just what a rude dog Hitler had become!

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"IN THE YEAR OF PLAGUE"

Dead beyond tired, a bit more than bored of laying-about while Patsy whispered in my ear...

"Walking after midnight...like we use to..."

That truly was all of the little incentive that I needed...bolting but being ever so stealth,

I made my way pass the sleeping security rent-a-cop without waking him from his much-needed slumber...dashing out onto the

welcome but empty midnight street...

FREE @ last! Thank God Almighty...FREE @ last!
What I failed to notice was that the door closed
with a locking click...

SO WHATZ!!!

I am a Free man out for a midnight stroll in the waning light of the springtime moon...

The smells of freedom overcame me as I sensed that there was someone else awake and they seemed to be roasting (what smelled to be) good beef at this ever so, late hour, there was the slightest aroma of a dapper of a late night, a rainy

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"IN THE YEAR OF PLAGUE"

hanging, hugging the air and right down the street from me; there was a group of soldiers or police making their curfew rounds...!

Who saw the other first is kind of a mute question as my life long instincts as an old time political street fighter and semi-pro motorcycle hooligan sprung into immediate action as I flashed a smile, turned in mid-step and bolted back to the lodge's now locked door!

 Closer and yet closer the patrol was coming towards me at a now good paced sprint...no amount of pulling would free the door open and with a final tug; the alarm started blaring an ear-splitting noise that even woke the sleeping security guard...

Upset by being awoken in seemingly from his angered expression...what must have been a nice mid-dream and the fact that I was outside and that the soldiers were now shouting at me to assume the position; the lodge's rent-a-cop refused to open the door and rescue me from certain arrest.

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"IN THE YEAR OF PLAGUE"

The rest is rather blurry to me at this moment as apparently, I am blocking their response to the nonsense that I was spouting about that evil torch singer...Patsy...she forced me to do it...

"WHO IS THIS PATSY?"

Well! She is like this really famous, dead singer that I had been channeling...

That is the other reason that it is blurry as I was at this point excluded from the actual conversation and their attention was now on the security guard and it was only due to his conversing argument(s) that "this Foreign devil is as crazy as a loon" and something to the effect that I had only slipped by him as he was afraid that I might be infected and (I believe) that he assured them that he truly feared I might even bite him...

On being escorted back to my room, I tried my very best, my most correct PC/WOKE mythology to properly convey my upmost gratitude for his most kind assistance...at which point he stopped in mid-step, turned and calmly spoke in near perfect

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"IN THE YEAR OF PLAGUE"

English: "If you ever pull this stunt again; I swear to you that I will shot you myself and leave you out for the street dogs to have a midnight feast!!!!"

As the door shuts behind me...

PATSY IS YET SINGING "CRAZY...CRAZY"

Thank you, Patsy!

FROM EARLIER THE SAME DAY:

The high point of an other wise wasted morning...as Patsy belts out her all time hit

"Crazy!"

Yes, Patsy...I believe that I am...I am missing the Malaysian Home Shopping network ever since they took the TV set away!

STILL EARLIER:

Just looked up and it was almost 3 PM...
The lodge sat up a share and exchange table in the dinning room (They swear that they generously sprayed the table's continents...let's hope!) where

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"IN THE YEAR OF PLAGUE"

you can put down a book or whatever you are done with and exchange for one you have not...sort of like the "White Elephant" exchanges that offices do at Christmas Time.

I pawned off my Jackson Brown CD (*the skipping one/NO-didn't put a disclaimer on it*) and picked up Patsy Cline's greatest Hits. Patsy was without any question and there were more than a few people (at any Honky Tonk Bar) who would literally beat you down if you didn't agree that she was the greatest torch singer of my generation –

NO ONE CAN TOUCH HER!

Afterwards...this inspired...focused me to do some more work on the new book...
about a third done...I think???

THE WEEK BEFORE:

New Project...busy...

Well Campers to be like totally honest...what else is there to do...They came and took out the TV from my room...they said it needed repairs but, I am

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"IN THE YEAR OF PLAGUE"

almost certain that it was on the direct orders of the Malaysian Home Shopping Network to prevent me from further complaints about the continued "Don't these pants make my butt look so much slimmer?" marathon(s).

I understand their thinking

"out of sight...out of mind..." and a simple solution to getting me to stop writing about their programming - you know I use to be in TV Programming (so...I do still know a bit!) Then again, it did only get the one station????

ATTENTION CAMPERS!

To all of fellow warriors in the battle over untruth, to all of my fellow travelers who share in the belief in the ancient Mantra of Hell,

"The Truth is the Truth!"

and please allow me a few moments of your time to share with all five or six of my most eternal fans, my most steadfast supporters and the core of the actual buyers of my books; I was not to have a say

"Tainted Love..."

"Long Love Letters returned in Postcards"

"IN THE YEAR OF PLAGUE"

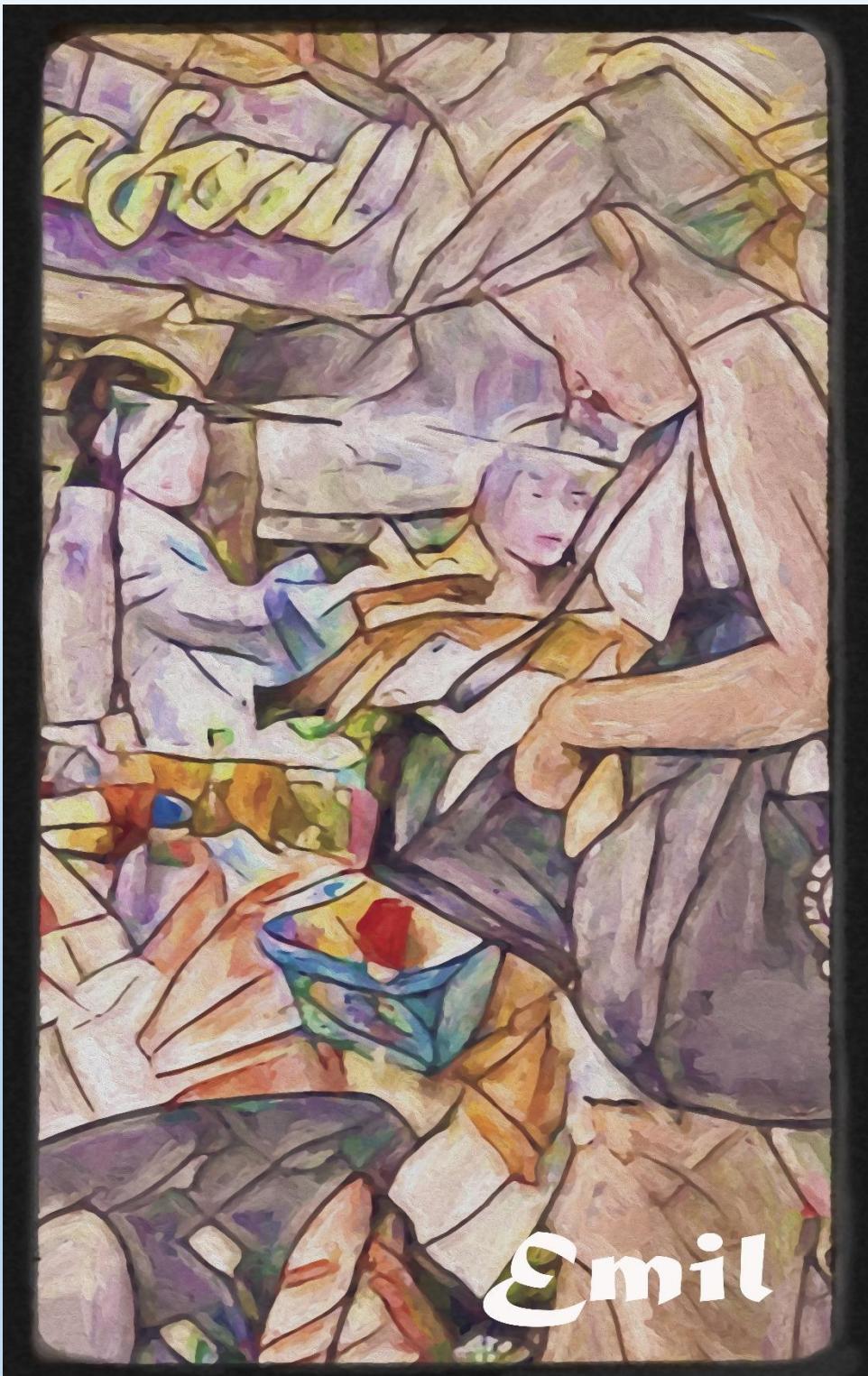
in the assembly of this edition as WWWG said that
I have already reeked the whirlwinds of mass,
literary arts destruction and have personally
brought about the near economic collapse of
WWWG Productions Ltd.

I was at first faltered by their comment(s) that
I had, alone and totally all by myself, done
something that no one had done before, in
bringing the Internet together...

Then, they added, "against you!"
I said "UHH???"

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil

“Tainted Love...”

“Long Love Letters returned in Postcards”



Emil West

I'm just the corporate sharecropper, the poor artist at the wrong end of the money stick!

<https://www.facebook.com/emil.west.5249>

A screenshot of a Facebook photo grid for Emil West. The grid is organized in a 5x6 grid pattern. The first column contains a profile picture and a post thumbnail. The remaining five columns each contain six photo thumbnails. The photos depict a variety of subjects, including portraits of people, animals like a wolf and a deer, and abstract or surreal artwork. Some photos have small edit icons in the top right corner.

"Tainted Love..."

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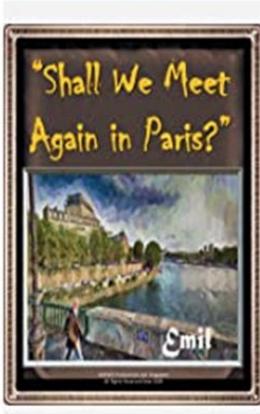
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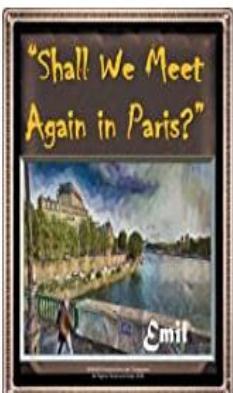
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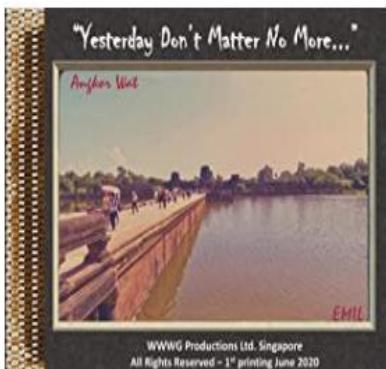
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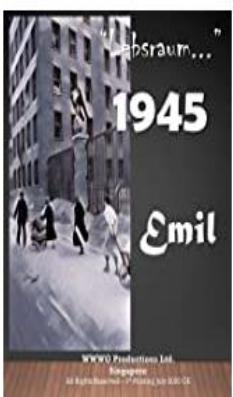
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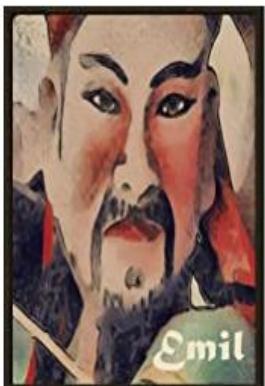
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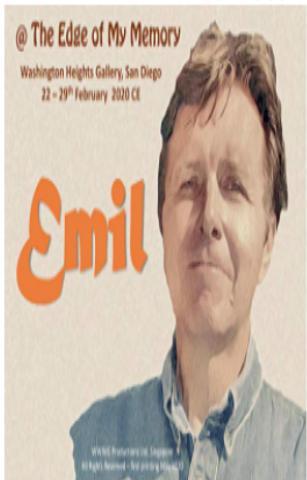
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“Tainted Love...”

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The Edge of My Memory: Washington Heights Gallery, San Diego

22 - 29th February 2020 CE Kindle Edition

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There is no easy way, no Reader's Digest version of how this edition came into being and even more bizarre are the many reasons we had originally declined to publish this edition submitted by Emil. It would not do justice to even attempted its retelling.

Needless to say, we had not supported Emil's unofficial showing at this gallery as at the time, it was that in the future visions of the gallery owners only.

It was an interesting urban, anarchist-style of counter-culture that was attempting to create what they called "Store-Front" Galleries where the art would be spread out in (many times abandon) store fronts or in near deserted, strip malls.

Knowing this and how protective the art community are of their imagery and (if I am being truthful) how thin-skinned they are when it comes to counter-revolutionary, self-styled trend setters – just ask Andy Warhol if you need any future proof, we were very much dead set against Emil doing this show.

SEINE

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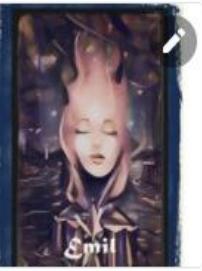
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